The Wicker Man

Author: Fiendess

Bands: Iron Maiden

Characters: Bruce Dickinson, Steve Harris

Relationships: *N/A*

Rating: Adult

Genre: [Slash]

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One

Author's Notes:
For Andy. :)

His key still worked. In a way that surprised him; the ending had been so bitter that he'd expected anything that connected them to have been severed, even something as simple as the changing of the locks on "their" flat. The shiver that ran up his spine had nothing to do with the biting wind that swirled inside with him, the closing of the door echoing through the massive emptiness of the ground floor room.

It looked like no one had been here for years, dust layers thick, cobwebs hanging from the rafters, a few broken crates scattered around the floor. Even squatters didn't bother with this place; the sheer hopelessness that hung over it deterred even the most desperate. And if they had, well, it would have been a bit of a shock to find the state of the art security system that was even now flashing a warning. The code was the same; his birthday, a set of numbers he couldn't forget - even when the anticipation of what was to come was so great that he could barely recall his name.

He hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, looking up into the blackness. The door at the top fitted so tight that

no light escaped around it. He could leave, right now, and not look back. But if he climbed those stairs, he was right back in the thick of it all. Was that where he wanted to be?

Even the snort that escaped him seemed unnaturally loud. Placing his foot on the first riser, he took a deep breath. *Was* he sure? Bringing his other leg up he placed his foot on the second riser, pushing off with the first and starting up the steps. Parts of him were sure; his cock was already hard and throbbing.

The next step, a bead of nervous sweat running down his neck, his skin already so hypersensitive it made him shudder.

Four, five, six. Another hesitation, ears straining to hear any sign of life beyond the door. Nothing, only the beating of his own heart hammering in his chest, the rapid pulse singing in his veins.

Seven, eight, nine.

Breathing so hard that he felt like a horse that had just run the Derby, his stomach nearly to his throat.

Ten, eleven, twelve.

The door. Solid steel, a barricade to keep everyone out.

Or one person in.

His hand shaking, he fitted the other key in the lock, hesitating as a thought crashed through his brain.

What if...?

The key to the outer door had worked. The alarm code the same.

But what if...?

What if this was the ultimate in humiliation and control?

Standing here, having climbed the steps, cock aching, every fibre of his being anticipating what was to come...

...and the door wouldn't open?

His tongue darted out from a dry mouth in an attempt to moisten even drier lips. Breath held, another bead of sweat running down his temple as his wrist slowly turned; the loud click as the tumblers fell into place, the door swinging open.

He was waiting. Arms crossed, legs slightly apart, that familiar smirk on his face that made his already hard cock stiffen even more in anticipation. He said nothing. Not a word of greeting, not surprised to see the man

standing in front of him. He simply held out a hand from which hung a hood, the dark cloth soft and thin enough to breathe through but that would shut out everything visible except the brightest light.

He dropped it, turned and walked away, returning to the oversized leather chair he had been waiting in while watching the door. He picked up a glass of wine, watching through hooded eyes as the new arrival quickly stripped, hands shaking, first his shoes and socks, setting them aside before removing his shirt and jeans and folding them neatly, placing them on top of the shoes. His hand went to the waistband of the black briefs he was wearing, raising his eyes for approval. A slow shake of the head and he left them on, bending to pick up the hood and pulling it over his head.

Counting his steps, hoping he remembered the correct number and that nothing had changed places, he carefully walked twenty one paces before stopping and kneeling down, bowing his head. Seconds, minutes, hours -- time meaningless in his darkened world, he waited, hands resting on his thighs, not speaking, taking slow, even breaths.

Finally, a touch, the lightest brush of fingers against the material that covered his cheek. Fighting the urge to lean into the caress, he curled his fingers into fists. It had been so long....

The fingers moved, exploring his face through the hood, a thumb tracing his lips, pushing them apart and forcing both the cloth and the tip into his mouth, his lips closing around it, sucking, his tongue lapping. His cock was again throbbing in his briefs, stretching the material until the head managed to emerge from the waistband, pressing against his stomach. Moaning at the friction, he sucked the thumb harder, hearing the quiet laugh from the man in the chair.

He groaned quietly when the thumb was taken from him, his ears straining to hear above the creak of the leather as the man shifted, the quiet sound of a zipper being drawn down making him lick his lips in anticipation. A snap of fingers and he rose on his knees, shuffling forward and working his way between spread legs, rubbing his cloth covered face up over a thigh until he felt the hard heat of a cock against his cheek. Turning his head, he lifted himself higher, hands still curled into fists at his sides. Higher, leaning forward until he felt the head of the cock on his chin, straining upwards until it touched the bare skin of his throat and then easing back, back until the tip bumped his chin.

Opening his mouth, he welcomed the head of the cock with a swipe of his tongue, closing his lips over the head and sucking it gently, mindful not to move too fast, but taking the time to worship the texture and taste. Licking, lapping, no part of the head left untouched, rubbing the ridge at the back with the very tip of his tongue until he heard a soft grunt. Sliding his lips a bit down the shaft, careful to take no more than an inch, each section of the silken skin to be honored and serviced, knowing that his own pleasure would not be forthcoming if he did not serve as expected.

An inch at a time, until his lips pressed against the root of the cock, a hand now stroking his head, the only indication that the man was pleased. Homage paid, he drew his lips slowly up the shaft, stopping at the ridge and holding for a moment, rasping his tongue over the head before plunging the whole cock back in his mouth, his hands clenching and releasing, wanting to touch the furred sac that brushed his chin. Up and down, turning

his head and sucking hard, fluttering his tongue with a gentler suck, lapping and teasing, careful scrapes of his teeth, his lips tight on one stroke, loosened on another, his breathing harsh through his nose, sweat trickling down his face under the hood, feeling only the throbbing, thrusting cock in his mouth, tasting the musk and the sweat and the precum that flowed over his tongue.

A slight press of fingers and he moved his mouth faster, so intent on pleasing the man that he didn't notice his hips had began thrusting, fucking the air, the urge to stick his cock into something, anything overtaking him. The precum grew thicker and flowed copiously, the pulse of the man felt against his tongue, hips now pumping up to meet his mouth.

A foot pushed between his thighs, forcing his cock harder against his lower belly, the sole of a smooth shoe rubbing back and forth, making him whimper and moan around the stiffness in his mouth. A sharp hiss, fingers digging into his scalp through the hood, several hard, fast thrusts and seed spilled from the tip, flooding his mouth. Swallowing rapidly, knowing that a missed drop could mean the difference between that incredibly pleasurable stroking of his cock and a crushing pain that would leave him screaming.

Sucking, licking, capturing the very last bit, his hips thrusting frantically, the cock suddenly ripped from his mouth, the hand shoving him away, away from the touch of that foot, away from those warm thighs that had gripped him. Back into his void. To wait.

The hood was suddenly pulled from his head, his eyes squinting from the light that stabbed through them. Blinking rapidly, he looked at the man in the chair.

The familiar cold smile sent a chill down his spine, ending in a delicious shiver of anticipation that made him moan aloud.

A hiss, strong fingers grabbing his jaw.

He dropped his eyes. "Forgive me, Master."

A shake of his head, his face wearing a pleased smirk. "Forgotten your manners? Looks like I'll have to remind you."

Again that icy finger up his spine. His master let go of his jaw, rising to stand in front of him. Another snap of those fingers and he automatically reached up to tuck Master's cock away, carefully fastening the zipper and button before dropping his hands back to his thighs, waiting quietly.

"Come with me." Master walked around him, glancing over his shoulder to make sure he was following. Debating for a split second, he turned on his knees and crawled after Master, hearing the soft laugh that signaled his approval. Keeping his head down, he could only see the very bottom of Master's legs and feet, keeping himself close but wary not to touch any part of him, knowing that was also grounds for a swift punishment. Master stopped; he stopped a pace or so behind and immediately got back on his knees, assuming the waiting position. "Remember a bit after all, don't you?"

He didn't answer, simply waiting with his eyes on the floor.

"Get up."

He scrambled to his feet, standing with his legs slightly apart, hands at his sides.

Master turned to him, grabbing the waistband of his briefs and pulling it, letting it snap back against his cock. He shuddered, biting his lip hard to keep from moaning. Another snap and he had to clench his fists. Another, and he heard the quiet groan escape, a whisper of sound that made Master click his tongue.

"Did I say you could speak?"

He shook his head.

"And already you have spoken out of turn, twice."

He bit his lip to keep the smile from his face, his cock twitching in frustrated pleasure. It was going to be a long night.

Two

Author's Notes:
Enjoy. ;)

How long would he make him wait?

It seemed as if he had stood for hours. Master had left him while he went to prepare a few things for his punishment; what things he didn't know, and Master wouldn't tell him even if he begged. Not until he was ready. And even then he would only tell him if it was for his pleasure.

So sensitive to his presence, even after so much time apart, he felt him return.

"Get rid of them."

Master could only mean one thing. Quickly, he slid the briefs down his legs and stepped out of them, picking them up and waiting.

"Put them in your mouth."

Balling them up, he stuffed as much of the cloth as he could inside his mouth, tasting his own sweat and precum, the musk of his own arse, shoving the cloth in so deep he nearly gagged. A strip of silk covered his lips, Master reaching around to place it correctly before drawing his hands along the length, the slippery coolness pressing against his cheeks as it tightened at the back of his head. Master knotted it tightly, uncaring of the hair that was caught in the knots.

"Hands behind you."

Hands clasped palm to palm, the first strips of the wrap high on his forearms, pulling his elbows together as Master wound it around until it held him from elbow to wrist. He bit his lip when Master pulled it tight, checking his hands to be sure there was circulation before knotting it, once and again. Satisfied that it would hold, Master went away again.

So he waited.

Master returned, going to another part of the room, the sounds of buckles being opened and the rattle of chains only making his cock harder, forcing him to think of other things in order to keep from coming right then.

"Come here."

Awkwardly, he got down on his knees and shuffled slowly toward his Master's voice. He heard the soft laugh of approval, the barest hint of a smile curling his lips, knowing he had pleased him. Reaching Master's legs, he stopped and waited. "On your feet."

Getting up was much more difficult than getting on his knees had been but he struggled to his feet, keeping his head down and letting Master guide him to where he desired. Master lifted his arms, wrapping a leather cuff around both his wrists and buckling it securely before pushing his arms up higher, forcing him to bend at the waist to keep his shoulders from being pulled from their sockets. A rattle of chain and then a click and Master moved away, his arms now held high behind him by a chain that ran to the ceiling. His arms were raised higher as Master adjusted the chain, forcing him to stand almost on his toes, his arms jerked painfully if he let his heels touch the floor.

"You spoke twice. Five lashes for each."

The whistle of air was the only sound he heard before the cane struck his arse, making him lunge forward and jerking against the chain, pain radiating from his arse and his shoulders. Another stroke, the thin bamboo leaving a welt across both cheeks, his feet nearly dancing to stay in place and up on the balls of his feet. The third stroke and he moaned around his gag, his cock twitching, precum dripping from the head. Four and five in rapid succession, his shoulders screaming as they were jerked again.

Could anything be worse than the anticipation of what he knew would come? He whimpered, trying to stay as still as he knew Master liked, but his cock ached, and his arse was on fire and his shoulders cried for relief...it was bliss. How he had missed this. How he had missed him.

Another cut of the cane. Master had hit the top of his thighs that time, right below his arse. Fire, like fire burning his skin, the next making him dance again, the gag devouring his groans before they could escape. The last three came very quickly and he was glad for if he had time to think between he would have come, spilling his seed right then and there.

And Master would have been so angry.

He would have punished him severely.

The thought alone was nearly enough to make him come.

He heard Master move away, his ears straining to understand the noises he could hear. He wanted to look, every instinct in him begged to raise his eyes and see. But he didn't. He wanted to be good. For when he was good he received his reward. And if he was very, very good, Master would let him come. The room was again covered in a curtain of black when the hood was slipped back over his head.

He couldn't see.

He couldn't speak.

He couldn't move.

He could hear.

And he could feel.

Master was back. He could feel the touch of his hands, again checking the circulation in his hands, moving his fingers to be sure they were not cold or swelling from the bonds.

He was not a cruel Master.

Not the kind that would cause permanent damage.

He felt him move around in front, a sharp slap of a palm on his nipple and he jumped, giving a hard jerk on the chain. A tongue flicked over his nipple, the gag again muffling his moan when fingers pinched it hard, twisting the nub until it hardened. Master pulled his nipple, stretching it away from his body. He felt the brush of metal against his chest a split second before sharp teeth clamped around the bud. Moaning, he shifted on the balls of his feet, a shudder running through him when Master released the nipple.

Agony, sweet, sweet agony. The bite of the clamp digging into the so tender flesh.

Another lick of the other nipple. Another drip from his cock. Pinch, pull and again the sharp bite. His hips thrust, seeking warmth, seeking release.

Master pulled the chain, making him writhe, pushing up on his toes to ease the ache in his shoulders.

Then Master let go of the chain.

And let the weights fall.

He felt as if his nipples would be torn from his chest, the weights dragging them down, swinging as he tried to straighten. The more he raised his body the more pressure was put on his shoulders. If he raised his arms, it bent him forward, causing the weights to swing.

Damned if he did and damned if he didn't.

And now none of that mattered.

Master's hand was gripping his sac. Pulling it down, wrapping a strap around the top of the sac, isolating his balls from his body. He trembled. Behind the gag he begged. He knew....

Even through the gag his scream could be heard when Master attached the weight and let it go.

And he knew Master heard.

He knew by the laugh.

And he knew Master understood it wasn't a scream of pain.

But of pleasure.

And gratitude.

He stood, trying to stay perfectly balanced to keep the weights from moving, feeling Master move around him. He stopped, stepping forward and pressing himself against his still burning arse, nudging him forward and setting the weights in motion. Delicious.

Master's hand stroked his hip, sliding down over his stomach and brushing his fingers over the purple head of his cock, dragging them through the precum that ran from the tip. His body jerked, seeking more of his Master's touch, moaning as the weights swung, pulling on his nipples and balls.

He froze when another strap was wrapped around him, this one just below the head of his cock. A small buckle held it in place, and he rose up on his toes when Master pulled it tight enough to keep it from slipping. Satisfied with where it sat, Master pinched the head of his cock, licking his neck and rubbing his crotch over the welts on his arse.

How had he gone without this for so very long?

The total abrogation of responsibility, the sweet surrender to another, the suspension of thought?

He could feel the sweat running down his body, every nerve so sensitive that even the slow rolling trails of moisture were like a caress on his skin. Every breath, hot and moist as the hood clung to his face, sent a shiver down his spine. His Master had gone again, the sounds of a table being moved to sit behind him, items moved about before Master's lips were against his ear.

"If you come, you will be punished."

He nodded, a short jerk of his head, his cock throbbing.

He heard lube being squirted, his arse clenching in anticipation. Something cool and smooth touched his hole, pushing inside, sending a flash of burning pain through him. Pressing down, he willed himself to relax as the slim object moved deeper, throwing his head back and crying out when the vibrator was switched on.

Gritting his teeth, he tried to stay still, his hips pushing back to meet the hard plastic as it thrust deeper,

Master pulling it out only to shove it in again. Just as he found the rhythm to the strokes, Master pulled the vibrator free, quickly replacing it with one that was bigger around and that went much deeper, making him lift on his toes and struggle to move away as it forced its way inside him.

The pain quickly faded as the plastic vibrated inside him, Master thrusting it fast and hard, his arse clutching at the cylinder as it moved in and out. Breathing hard through his nose, his moans caught by the briefs that filled his mouth, he tried to move carefully to keep the weights from pulling but his body craved the filling of his arse, embracing the pain and making his vision swim in the blackness.

He arched, shrieking at the pain that ripped through his shoulder as small pulses ran the length of his cock, the small egg vibrator attached to the strap behind the head sending waves of pleasure that tore through his groin, radiating throughout his body even as Master slid the vibrator from his arse.

He felt as if he was being torn in half when the next forced its way past his hole, stretching him wide, filling him so completely that even the walls inside his arse seemed to be opened around it. Master fucked him hard, turning the speed of the vibrations and the pulses up higher, reaching around and tugging and twisting the chain attached to his nipples, hissing in his ear not to come, to fight it back, that if his cock spilled its seed he would....

He could take no more.

With a scream that rang through his ears as the sound was trapped and blasted back, he shuddered violently, rising up on his toes and thrusting frantically back and forth until his body locked, muscles shaking as with several frenzied thrusts his come exploded from his cock, thick arcs slashing to the floor and he trembled and moaned, struggling to stay on his feet, his arse clasping the massively thick vibrator as Master twisted it inside him.

He cried out again when Master pulled it from his arse, the pulses stopping from the egg strapped to his cock. Swaying, tears running down his face from the intensity of his orgasm and the pain as he fought to stay on his feet, he whimpered when Master grabbed his hair and yanked his head back.

"Did I tell you not to come?"

He could barely nod, fighting for air.

"And you came."

Shaking, he waited.

"I warned you what would happen."

Master let him go, his head dropping. Begging for forgiveness, unheard through the gag, he heard Master walk away in disgust.

Three

Author's Notes:
As always, I\'d love to know what you think.

Pain.

Sweet pain.

He could no longer tell when one flash ended and another began, the agony filling him from his head down to his feet, his mouth thick and dry, snuffling the tears and snot into his throat as he waited, knowing that Master would come in his own sweet time and not a moment before. His balls still ached, his cock not as hard as it had been but still jutting from his body, his arse open and waiting for whatever master would choose to do to him next.

His senses tingled. Master was near.

Very near in fact. He whimpered as his already throbbing shoulders were bent further, his hands forced higher as Master unhooked the chains, letting his arms fall. Shuddering, tears of pain and relief sliding down his cheeks under the hood, he stood quietly and waited to see what Master would do to him. The cuffs were removed from his wrists, the strap unwrapped, allowing his arms to fall to his sides, the pain in his shoulders making him shiver, the weights still pulling cruelly on his nipples and balls.

"Come with me."

He shuffled his foot forward. The cane cut across the backs of his knees, the scream muffled by the gag as he crashed to the floor, the weights swinging and sending fresh ripping shards of suffering through him, sobbing as he doubled over, his head resting against the floor.

"Crawl."

Pushing himself up on his hands, he carefully moved forward, the weights swinging with every movement. Master guided him with nudges of his leg, his soft command to stop barely heard above the labored breaths that filled the hood. Master took his arm and helped him to his feet, pulling the hood from his head.

The light stabbed into his eyes, making him whimper. Master dragged a wet, warm cloth over his face, cleaning it of tears and sweat. He closed his eyes against the temptation to stare into Master's eyes. Reaching around, Master untied the silk, letting it fall and gently pulling the briefs from his mouth. Lifting a bottle of water to his lips, Master tilted it slowly, allowing him several swallows - enough to wet his mouth but not to slake his thirst - before taking it away.

Setting it aside, Master beckoned him forward. He nearly moaned; the device was very simple, a heavy metal pole on a base bolted to the floor, a thin bar forming a 'T' across the top. Knowing what was expected of him, he leaned his body forward, resting his chin in the cup that had been built specifically for his height, raising his arms on the opposite side of the bar and waiting.

The smooth leather slipped around his neck, Master quickly buckling the collar, snug but not tight enough to interfere with his breathing, Master then taking each wrist and curling his arm back to fasten the cuffs around his wrists, fastening him securely in the yoke. With his arms curved up around the bar and the steel rod that formed the shape of the yoke he was again helpless, unable to reach the buckles to escape, at the mercy of his Master.

And he could think of no other place he would rather be.

As Master kneeled, he moved his legs apart without being told, hearing the soft snort of approval as Master fastened the cuffs around his ankles. Rising, Master moved behind him, his hand reaching around to roughly toy with his nipples, making him bite his lip to keep from crying out, the sharp clamps and weights making the already tender flesh burn under his touch. Master's mouth touched his neck, causing him to shiver in pleasure, his crotch pressed tight to his arse, the hard evidence of his own lust rubbing against him.

"I have something new for you." He whimpered as Master sank his teeth into his shoulder, marking the skin. "But I think I'll leave your mouth free. If you can keep from screaming, I'll reward you with my cock."

He nodded, using the motion to tilt his head and rub his cheek against his Master, the caress allowed for a moment before Master gave a hard tug on the chain holding the nipple weights. Fighting back the groan, he waited as Master left him again, his eyes staying straight ahead even as the sound behind him made his cock throb, different than he had heard before, the idea of something new making him tremble with both anticipation and trepidation.

Master put his hand in the middle of his back, pushing him until he leaned forward, thrusting his arse back. Master's fingers parted his cleft, a soft whimper leaving his lips as something slim slid inside him. Master put his hand on the small of his back, rubbing it gently. He shivered; whatever Master had slid into his arse felt as if it had been chilled, the hot flesh around it welcoming the soothing coolness.

"Feel good does it?"

He nodded, flexing his arse around it.

Master's hand kept moving in slow circles around the small of his back.

And the cool feeling was beginning to change, a warmth spreading through his arse.

Sweat began to bead on his forehead.

And Master laughed.

He shifted slightly as the warmth grew, escalating into a pleasant burn.

Master began moving it back and forth, his voice as soft as the motion of his hand. "Peeled ginger root. Starts off feeling good, almost cool, doesn't it? And then you feel it begin to warm, and then to burn, turning into a fire that grows hotter with every passing second."

He whimpered. It was getting hotter, the pleasant feeling quickly changing to one of pain, his arse contracting, trying to push it out. A sharp slap on his balls made him lift onto his toes, his mouth open in a silent scream.

"If you push it out, I'll add another."

Master pushed the root deep and left it, coming around to stand in front of him, another root in his hand. The touch of Master's fingers as they wrapped round his cock made his hips thrust, pushing into Master's firm grip. He wanted to look and see what he was doing, but he knew....

The pressure against the slit in the head of his cock distracted him for a moment from the burning in his arse. Breathing so hard he was shaking, he bit back the cry as Master pushed the very tip of the root into his cock.

"Again, feels good. The burn will come soon and then the fire."

He trembled, the root in his arse making his body shake from the fire that now felt like a hot poker had been shoved inside him, the warmth spreading down through his cock as well. Master jiggled the root, making him thrust and moan.

"Shh. I told you, if you don't scream...."

Holding the root in place, Master walked around him. He twisted and turned the root in his arse, spiking the agony higher.

He was in Hell.

But to him, it was Heaven.

Master's lips were on his neck, moving over the skin, his tongue darting out to lick the sweat that covered his flesh.

If pain was love then Master loved him more than anyone ever had.

And he loved Master.

He would never be without him again.

Master's lips were at his ear, his breath a warm rush over his skin. "Hurts, doesn't it?" He nodded, biting back the whimper as the fire in his cock grew to match the one in his arse. "Should I stop?"

He shook his head wildly. Master laughed. "Good boy."

His cock burned. And throbbed. And ached.

He wanted to scream.

He wanted to cry with the pain.

He wanted to come.

But his Master had offered his cock if he did not disappoint him. So he would stay strong.

And then the lashes struck.

He arched, the weights yanking his flesh, the push of his hips forcing the root deeper into his cock. He fought the urge, struggled with it.

And then he screamed.

Master cursed and pulled the root from his slit, dropping it to the floor. He slid the other out of his arse as well, stepping closer to wrap his arm around him, stroking his stomach.

He whimpered, shuddering, the pain seeping out slowly until it was back at a bearable level.

Then he realized.

He had screamed.

He had let Master down.

Head dropping, his eyes stared down at the floor.

Master stepped back.

He waited, the burn fading inside him.

Master sighed.

And then the lash fell again.

He jerked, choking back the cry as the weights pulled at his flesh, his balls feeling bruised and swollen in the sac, his nipples pinpoints of white hot agony that flared out through his chest with every swing of the chain. Master's body suddenly pressed against him, the lashes hitting his groin as Master opened the clamp on his left nipple and let it fall. His hips jerked, his head tipped back as his eyes rolled up, tortured bliss flaring from the ravaged bud as the lash struck again, the weights swinging under his balls.

Master released the other clamp, pinching and pulling his nipple as he thrust his hips wildly, ramming his arse back into Master's crotch and rubbing against his cock. Master slapped the thongs of the lash over his nipples as he unstrapped the weight on his balls, kneading the sac as a rush of pain ran through his groin, his vision greying as his knees sagged.

Master stepped back, placing his hand in the center of his back and slapping his arse with the lash, the soft thongs biting into the skin as he rapidly whipped it back and forth.

His fingers were so tightly curled into his palms he could feel his nails digging into his flesh, every part of his body vibrating with pleasure from the pain, his cock dripping steadily, his hips pumping with the need to fuck, to be fucked, every nerve in him screaming for his Master's cock, to take him to that final point where he would break, shatter into a billion pieces of nothing that could only be whole when Master put him back together.

And then it stopped.

He was only dimly aware of Master unlocking his ankles.

He still felt the collar and the cuffs even after Master had taken the yoke away.

He hung his head.

He had failed.

A finger lifted his chin. For the first time, he was encouraged to look into Master's eyes.

"Come with me."

He started to get to his knees, but a hand on his arm stopped him.

Master shook his head.

"Come with me."

Hurting, aching in both body and mind, he followed.

Four

Author's Notes:
Andy, I hope you have enjoyed this. And to everyone who has suffered along, my thanks.

Master led him to the shower, turning on the water and adjusting the temperature until steam clouded the mirror behind him.

"Get in."

He obediently stepped into the water, letting it hit his face as he tipped his head back, taking the soft rag from Master and wiping his face. He stiffened, moaning quietly when Master joined him. Taking the cloth, Master picked up the soap and worked up a lather, running it over his back and the swell of his cheeks before gently washing his cleft. He moaned again, his hands reaching for the wall to brace himself, his legs shaking from the careful touch.

"Turn round."

He did, clenching his fists as Master rubbed the rag over his chest, gasping as it dragged over his nipples before sliding down to his stomach. He staggered when Master touched his cock, whimpering and rising up on the balls off his feet, his eyes squeezed shut as Master stroked him slowly. He was almost relieved when Master's hand moved on, until his balls were cupped and massaged, the pain making him pant, the pleasure making his cock throb in need.

Master slid the rag between his legs, washing the sweat from his thighs. "Finish, then come to me." Master left the shower, taking a towel and drying himself quickly before leaving him alone.

He hurried, making sure every part of his body was clean of sweat before turning off the water and carefully stepping from the tub, wincing as muscles pulled, the ache making his cock twitch, the head already coated with precum, glistening in the harsh light. He dried himself, folding the towel as well as his Master's and putting them away, taking the rag he had used and hanging it to dry before leaving the room.

Master was not in his chair, nor was he in the kitchen.

His steps nearly as heavy as his heart, he went to the bedroom, keeping his head down as he walked to the bed. Seeing his bedding waiting at the foot, he stood beside it and waited for his tether to be fastened.

"Come here."

He was so surprised he raised his head. And had to grab the bedpost to keep from going to his knees.

Master was naked, stretched out on top of black silk sheets, lazing back against the mound of pillows with his hand teasing the head of his cock.

He licked his lips, unsure. He had failed, but maybe Master thought he was good enough to reward him with another taste of his come. He crawled onto the bed, the slippery shifting of the sheets under his hands and knees making him move slowly. Reaching his master, he lay down beside him, tentatively resting his head on his thigh. He closed his eyes and sighed when Master's fingers began stroking his hair.

"I told you if you didn't scream I'd reward you with my cock."

He nodded.

"The scream was my fault. Up until then you'd done well, and even after."

He raised his head, biting his lip.

Master smiled. "Come here."

He felt Master's hand cup the back of his head, drawing him up beside him. His hand shaking, he reached to touch his Master, trembling fingers brushing the hair on his chest. Master urged his head down, seeking his lips, the kiss demanding but soft, the first touch of Master's tongue bringing a groan from deep in his chest as he rolled him onto his back.

Master's hands could be so gentle, gliding over his skin with a touch that was like the kiss of a child, leaving behind an ache for more. He moaned against his mouth, tasting his tongue as it stroked his cheeks, his teeth and over his palate. He tipped his head back as Master nipped his chin, the rasp of his tongue down his throat as his hand stroked his hip, down onto his thigh as he sucked at the base of his throat.

"Master?"

Master raised his head, his eyes dark with lust.

"May I touch you?"

He knew he was being bold, very bold in fact but it had been so long since he felt....

Master nodded.

He reached up, his fingers cupping Master's cheeks, his thumbs stroking under his eyes as he hungrily looked at him. So long, it had been so long, yet he was the same. Maybe a line here or there that hadn't been before, but still....

Master lowered his head and kissed him again, this time opening his mouth to accept the thrust of his tongue, sucking it gently and teasing it with his own, his hand sliding back to stroke the swell of his arse. His hands played with the hair on Master's chest, finding his nipples and rubbing them with his palms, feeling the hard cock press into his leg as Master thrust against him, moaning into his mouth.

Master's mouth slipped from his, resuming its path down over his chest until he found a nipple, circling it with the tip of his tongue. The flesh was so tender he whimpered from the light strokes, moaning as Master suckled it softly. He ran his hands over Master's shoulders and down onto his back, feeling the play of muscles under the skin as Master slipped further down, his chest rubbing against his aching cock, the precum leaving wet trails through the hair.

Lower still.

He groaned, grinding his teeth when Master's breath washed over his cock.

Master only did this when he'd been very good.

And he had tried.

The wet heat of Master's mouth closed over his cock, his tongue lapping the head as he sucked him deeper, taking his cock to the root in a single motion that had him writhing on the bed, the sheets twisted in his fists as he tipped his head back and cried out.

Master sucked him, his lips tight around the shaft, his hand cupping his balls and rolling them over his fingers, reaching back between his legs and pressing the skin right behind, making him cry out again, his hips thrusting up to push his cock deeper, gritting his teeth to keep from coming too soon.

"Master, please...!"

Master raised his head, curling his tongue over the head of his cock.

He moaned, shifting under him.

Master grinned, raking his teeth over the tip.

He shuddered, his hips bucking up.

Master lifted his body, kneeling on the bed between his sprawled thighs, his hand gripping his cock, wanking it with slow, lazy pumps.

"Do you want this?"

He nodded, desperation in his eyes.

"Do you want this?"

"Yes, Master, please."

"Tell me you want it."

"Master, please, I want your cock."

"I don't think you do."

He moaned, sitting up and reaching for Master's cock.

Master slapped his hand.

"Suck it first."

Master let go of the shaft, leaning back and resting his fists on the bed, his hips jutting forward.

Turning himself, he got up on his knees and bent over Master's cock, running his tongue up the underside and then taking the head into his mouth. Master groaned, watching as his head moved up and down, licking and sucking, his panted breaths blowing over his stomach as he fucked him with his mouth, worshiping the silken flesh, rock hard and throbbing between his lips.

Master stroked his head, his hips thrusting up to meet the downward spiral of lips and tongue, relaxing back onto his heels as his head lifted, his hand braced on Master's thighs, his mouth wet and hot, saliva leaking from the corners of his lips and clinging to the hair around the base.

"Stop."

He heard Master, but his cock tasted so good....

"Stop!"

One more suck, one more burst of precum on his tongue....

"I said stop!"

His eyes teared when Master yanked him up by his hair.

Dropping his eyes, he bit his lip.

Master shook his head, bringing his hand around to cup his chin and force his head up. "I told you to stop."

"You taste so good, I just...I'm sorry."

Master kissed him gently. "On your back."

He quickly complied, bending his knees and resting his feet flat on the bed, letting his thighs spread wide.

Master stretched across him, picking up a bottle of lube from the table and flipping open the cap as he watched him, eyes narrowed.

He blinked; his Master was taking care not to hurt him, letting him know he was pleased by easing his way into him. With the actions from earlier, it would have been a brief bit of pain, but the care his Master was showing was every bit as pleasurable as the pain he had brought to him before.

He fisted the sheets, tilting his head back and shivering when Master spread the cool liquid over his hole.

Master slipped a finger inside him, nodded as he pushed down to allow the entrance and then clamped down around it. He worked his finger back and forth, adding another, curling them inside to press against the raised flesh that made him gasp and thrust up, his throat moving as he swallowed hard.

Master added a third finger, stretching him wide, turning his wrist to twist them inside and ready him for his cock, fucking him slowly until he was moaning and rolling his hips, seeking more.

He opened his eyes as Master eased his fingers out and lifted his legs to rest on his shoulders, squirting another bit of lube out and smearing it over his cock. Closing the bottle, Master tossed it aside, getting up on his knees and moving forward to push the tip of his cock against the ring.

With a long, steady push, Master buried his cock inside him.

He couldn't remember the last time he felt this complete.

Yes, yes he could.

The last time Master's cock had filled him.

Master moved his legs down, grinning as they locked round his waist.

And then, Master fucked him.

Slow pulls of his cock until the flared head was against the ring, then a long thrust to fill him again, not rushing, letting him feel very bump and ridge of Master's cock as in moved inside him. Master leaned over him, watching his eyes as he stroked his cock in and out, giving an extra push to press his balls to his arse before easing back out.

His hands rested on Master's shoulders, his voice locked in his throat, small moans and gasps the only sounds he could make as Master began to thrust faster, still using the full length of his cock to fuck him deep.

"Wank yourself for me."

He took hold of his cock, stroking himself at the same measured pace of Master's cock in his arse, biting his lip at the ache that drew his balls tight to his body, the urge to pound his cock through his fist making him push up faster, Master grinning and increasing his pace to match.

Faster. Harder.

Master's hips were pounding against him, his hand on his cock moving up and down the shaft, clenching his fingers to squeeze the flesh, his mouth open and gasping for air as their bodies slammed together. Master's balls slapped against him, the fuckstrokes becoming hard jabs of his cock, his eyes mere slits as he stared down, his own breathing labored as he rammed his cock into the tight heat, feeling it tighten around him as he pulled back, opening to him as he slammed back in again.

"Come for me."

The gasp of words sent him over, his cock jumping in his hand as he cried out, his back arcing up off the bed as his come splashed onto his chest.

Master rammed his cock deep, grinding himself against him before pulling back and slamming deep into the jerking form under him. His cry rang out, his hips thrusting erratically as his cock throbbed, his come spurting from the tip and coating the convulsing walls that gripped it in a soft vise.

Gasping, Master let his body down onto him, his hand still gripping his cock between them, both of them trembling with the aftershocks of their orgasms. Master lifted his head, resting his arms on the bed and giving him a kiss that made him shudder beneath him.

He lay still as Master pulled from inside him and rolled over to lay on his back, his chest heaving, resting and catching his breath. With a quiet sigh, he rolled away, preparing to retire to his bed on the floor.

Master touched his shoulder.

He turned, waiting.

Perhaps he wanted a drink.

Or a rag to clean himself.

Master smiled at him and inclined his head.

His heart jumped.

Rolling back over, he moved over to lie next to Master, feeling his arm come around him and press his head down to rest on Master's shoulder as Master pulled the sheets around them.

He sighed, this time one of contentment.

He was where he belonged.

With the strong beat of his Master's heart in his ear, he fell asleep.

~_____~

He woke alone, the bed beside him cold.

He sighed, enjoying the softness of the sheets against his bare skin as the memories of the night before flooded his mind.

With a groan, he rolled over and sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

He had forgotten how he always felt the next day. Sore, yes, but satisfied in a way unlike any other. It was as if his body was reborn, stripped of all inhibitions and stress, like being a new man. Getting to his feet, he saw the note on top of the pile of clothes that occupied his bed on the floor. Walking slowly, letting his muscles warm up and stretch, he went to the paper, a smile spreading over his face before he even read the words.

Same time, next week.

He nodded, a thrill running through him at the prospect of seeing his Master again. Bending, he swore softly as he picked up his clothes.

"See you then, Harry."